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# BABYLAND.

VOL. IV.



PJuo 1623.252 NO. 1.

*Theodore Jewett Costman*



"SEE, MAMMA, SEE!"

## LIT-TLE CHRIS' CHRIST-MAS PRES-ENT.

WHAT do you sup-pose Ba-by Chris had for a Christ-mas pres-ent?

It was the cun-ning-est thing in all the world, and Chris' mam-ma was so glad when it came in-to her mind to do it. She want-ed to buy a big pic-ture-book; she wanted to buy a gay set of nois-y bells, and a love-ly long train of cars to whizz back and forth a-long the floor; she wanted to buy a big doub-le arm-ful of pret-ty things, but she could not, for she had on-ly five cents to spend. And I can't be-gin to tell you what a hard Christ-mas ache there was in her heart, for she longed to make her ro-sy-cheeked, lit-tle two-year-old ba-by-boy as hap-py as the hap-pi-est.

But the day be-fore Christ-mas, just at night, a bright, fun-ny thought came to her.

She laughed right out, and jumped up and kissed lit-tle Chris, and told him to sit still in his crib, and ran out and spent her five cents joy-ful-ly; "for," said she, "he won't care for much else when he sees *that!*"

As soon as Chris had gone to sleep, she got her work-basket and sat down to car-ry out her mer-ry plan; she sewed a long time on the lit-tle red frock he had taken off, smil-ing to her-self all the while, and when she went to bed she looked as hap-py as if she had had five hun-dred dol-lars to spend.

Well, when Chris was dressed next morn-ing, *what* do you think he found?

Why, *there was a pock-et on his red frock*—a cun-ning, lit-tle out-side pock-et trimmed with braid and but-tons. Chris

saw it at once, and though it was his first pock-et, the lit-tle dim-pled hand went straight down in-to it, and of course there were nuts and rai-sins and can-dy there, but these rare lit-tle daint-ies were noth-ing at all com-pared with the pock-et it-self; and I am sure Chris' mam-ma en-vied no oth-er wom-an in all the world that day, when her lit-tle boy came tod-dling up to her ev-er-y few mo-ments, hold-ing up his dress—"See! See! Mam-ma, O, *do* see!"

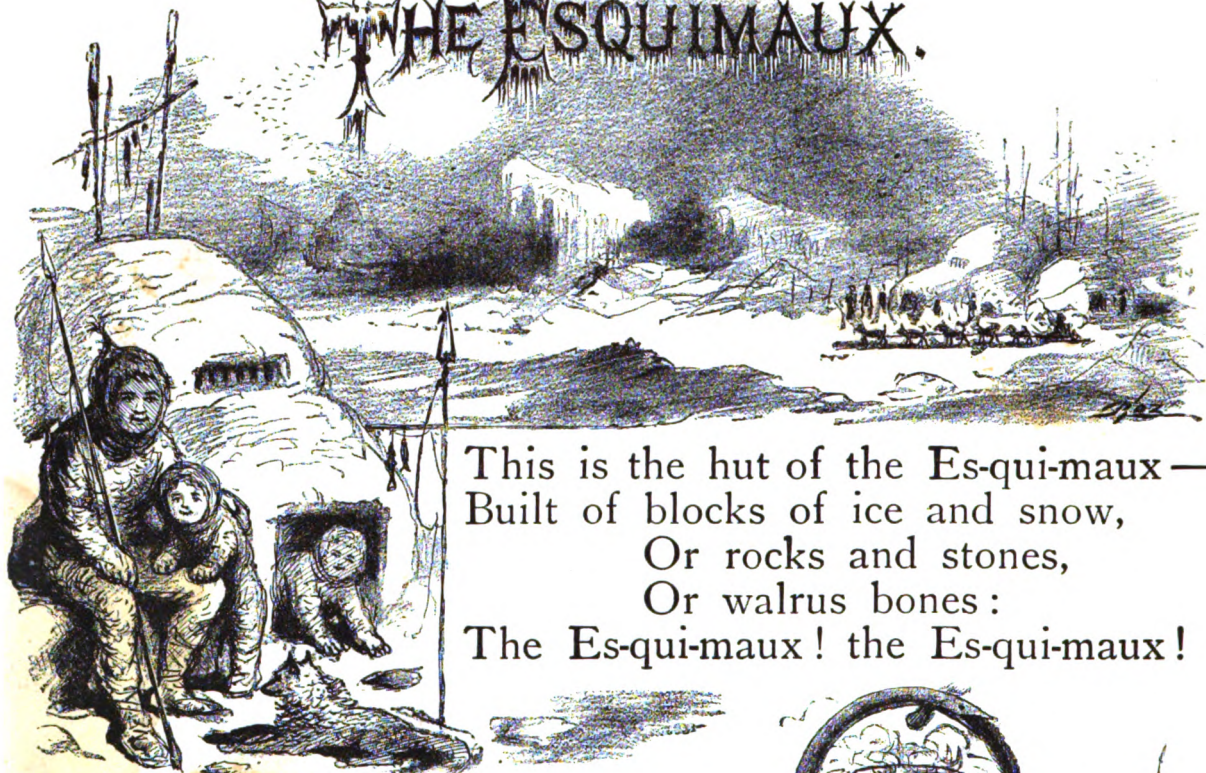


## MER-RY CHRIST-MAS.

HERE'S a love-ly snow-ball, round as round can be,  
Hard and white and shin-ing as any ball, you see;  
When lit-tle Ar-thur comes a-long, with cheeks so bright and  
red,  
I'll wish him Merry Christ-mas, and shy it at his head!



# THE ESQUIMAUX.

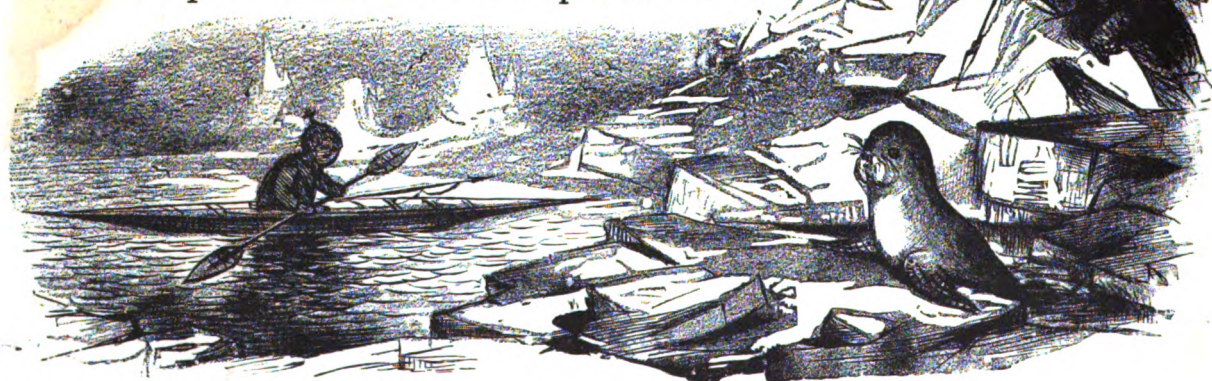


This is the hut of the Es-qui-maux —  
Built of blocks of ice and snow,  
Or rocks and stones,  
Or walrus bones:  
The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!

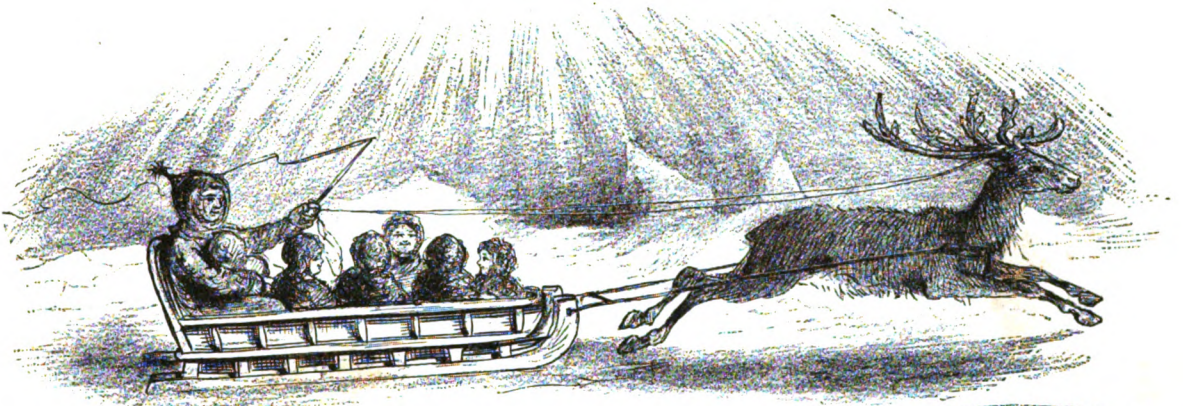
This is the food of the Es-qui-maux —  
The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!

A broth of eels,  
And fat of seals:

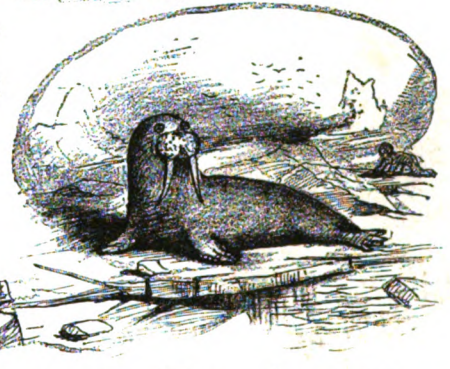
The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!



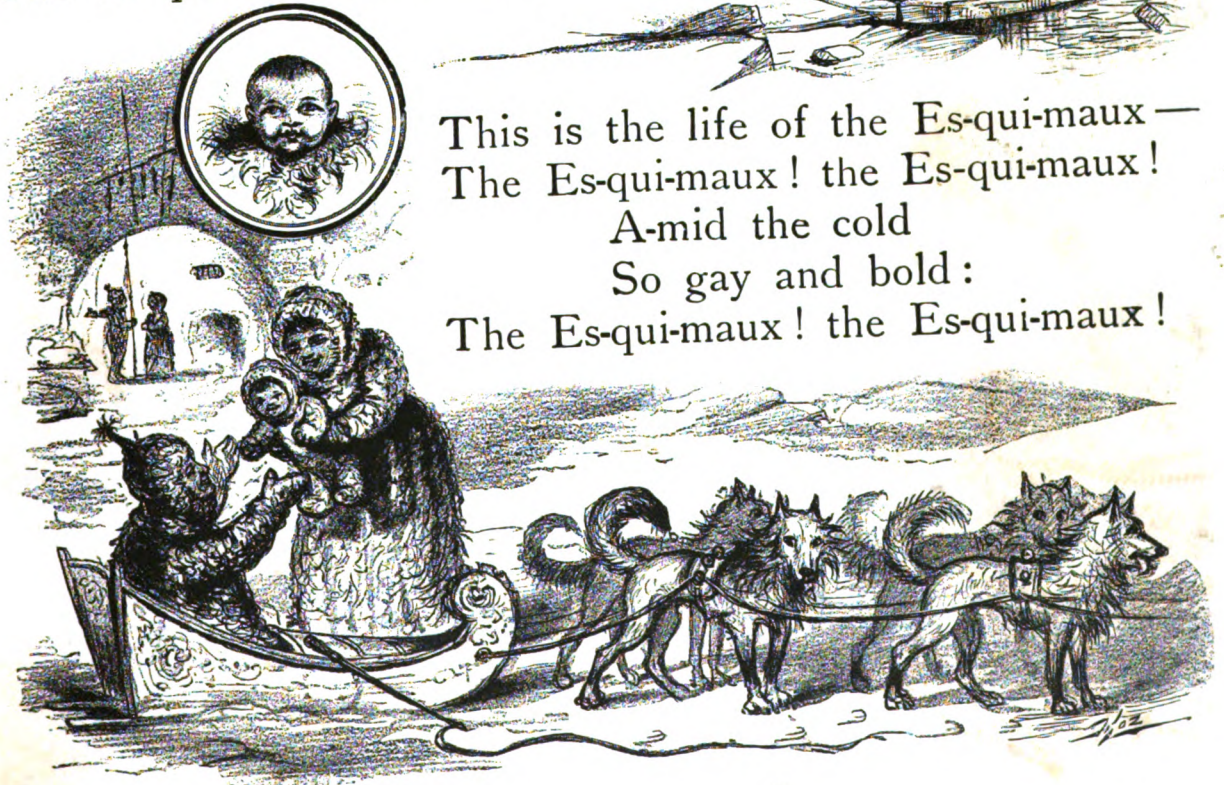




This is the sledge of the Es-qui-maux —  
 Drawn by a rein-deer steed, you know;  
 'Neath win-try skies,  
 Like steam he flies:  
 The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!



This is the life of the Es-qui-maux —  
 The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!  
 A-mid the cold  
 So gay and bold:  
 The Es-qui-maux! the Es-qui-maux!





## WAL-TER'S FRIEND.

BY E. F. P.



His name was Gray.

He was small. He was spry. He liked to climb. He was sitting on the roof the first

time Wal-ter saw him.

Wal-ter was up in the at-tic.

He liked to stand at the big win-dow and look out in-to the gold-en wal-nut tree and count the nuts.

When he saw Gray he called to him: "Look out! you will

slide off!"

But Gray hopped up in-to the tree. He ran a-bout a-mong the yel-low leaves. He picked off a nut.

Then he sat down on a limb to peel this nut.

While he nib-bled he looked at the boy in the win-dow, with two ver-y bright eyes.

"You will fall!" called Wal-ter.

Gray laughed. His laugh sound-ed like this:



"*Chir-r! chir-r-r!*"

Then he leaped down and came a-cross the roof to-ward the win-dow.

Wal-ter thought he was com-ing in—but no; he was gone!

But the next day the two saw each oth-er a-gain.

This time he showed Wal-ter how fast he could peel nuts; and ev-er-y time a nut was peeled Wal-ter thought he was com-ing to the win-dow with it. But when he was al-most there, he would mys-te-ri-ous-ly dis-ap-pear.

Wal-ter could nev-er once see where he went.

One night there was a storm. All the leaves fell. The trees were left bare. There were no more nuts. Lit-tle Gray, too, was gone.

Wal-ter watched, but lit-tle Gray nev-er came back.

But one day when Wal-ter was up in the at-tic, he heard

a noise. It was like a laugh. There stood Gray.

His bright eyes were full of fun, and he ran round be-hind a big chest of drawers.

Wal-ter came af-ter him so quick he could not hide.



WAL-TER'S FRIEND AT HOME.

So he made the best of it. He showed Wal-ter his nest in an old bas-ket, and his store of nuts, and al-so the hole un-der the win-dow where he went in and out.

Af-ter that they saw each oth-er of-ten and had good times.

Wal-ter's friend was a gray squir-rel.





HAV-ING A GOOD TIME.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. IV.

NO. 2.



LIT-TLE MISS DUCK.



# LIT-TLE MISS DUCK.

BY M. E. B.

<p>LIT-TLE Miss Duck,          By a piece of bad luck,          Lost her dog Trus-ty a-while ;              She set up a scowl-ing,              She set up a howl-ing,          I think you could hear her a              mile !</p>	<p>Lit-tle Miss Duck,          By a piece of good luck,          Found her dog Trus-ty a-gain ;              She washed and dressed him,              She kissed and ca-ressed him,          And this is the way she looked              then !</p>
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# AL-MOST A SAD STO-RY.

BY E. F. P.

<p>GRAND-PA and Grand-ma          Hall lived all a-lone.          They had chick nor child,          not ey-en a cat ; and they didn't          know there was e-ven so much          as a mouse in the house.          But there was one, a lit-tle          fel-low with the lov-li-est brown          fur, that lived all by him-self          be-hind the win-dow cur-tain in          the par-lor. He al-ways had had          a good time and al-waysex-pect-          ed to ; for you must know that</p>	<p>this lit-tle brown mouse had          nev-er ev-en heard of a cat !          But one day the lit-tle grand-          daugh-ter, Beth, came to live          with Grand-pa and Grand-          ma Hall. She brought all          her birds and her dolls, and,          a-las, all her cats ; and the ver-y          first night the cats — there were          four of them — came troop-ing          in-to the par-lor, and be-fore he          could wink or think or ey-en          hold up his lit-tle pink paws in</p>
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astonishment, they had Mr. Mouse standing up before them. All he could do was to hold up his paws and say, "Please, *please* not to!"

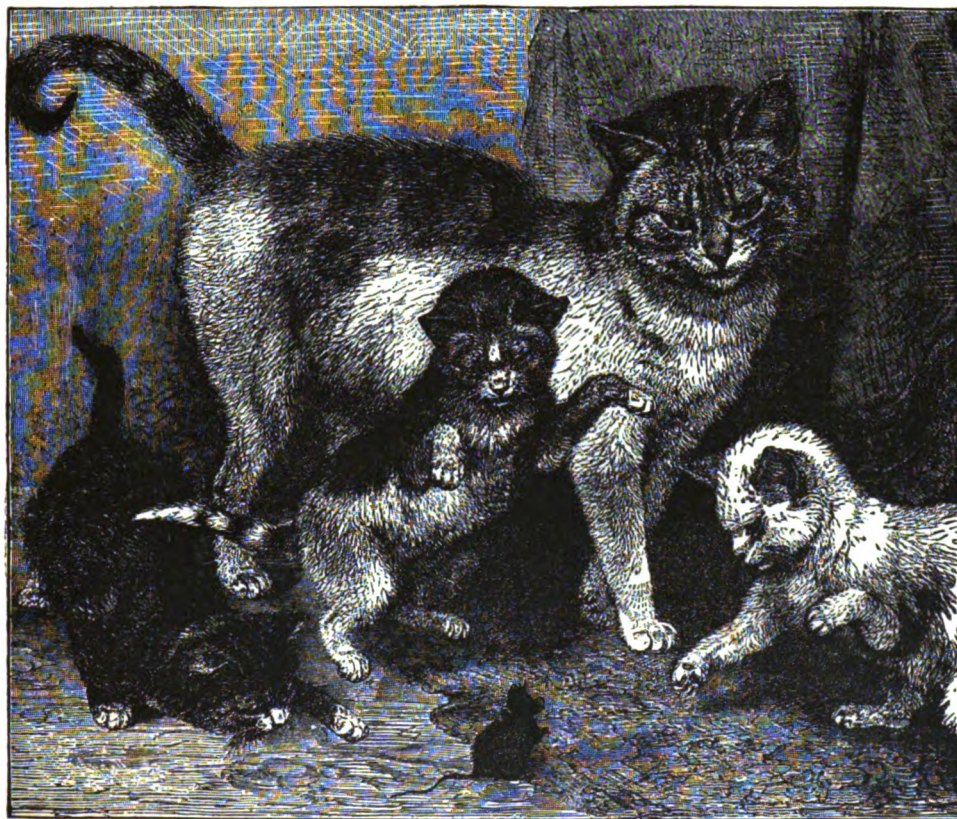
Old Mistress Cat looked on

quietly. Not so her three boisterous sons.

"O please not to!" said the little brown mouse again.

"Shall!" said Midnight.

"Will!" said Spotty.



"O, PLEASE NOT TO!"

"Must!" said Snow-flake. "That's what mice are for!"

And then — well — bless her heart! — grand-ma appeared, and the cats looked around — and *perhaps* they thought that

as it was *her* mouse it wouldn't be polite. Be that as may, Mous-ie ran out the open door and was never seen or heard of again — not by little Beth's cats at least.



## THE BEAU-TY OF THE FAM-I-LY.

IT was not Lu-lu. To be sure Lu-lu had hair as yel-low as sun-shine, and her cheeks were pink as ro-ses, and her



KIT-TY COL-BY.

eyes as blue as vi-o-lets; but Lu-lu had a way of look-ing frown-y o-ver her eggs and toast at break-fast that pre-vent-ed her from be-ing a beau-ty.

Neith-er was it An-na.

An-na's eyes were as black as black-ber-ries, and her cheeks

and lips were just the col-or of cher-ries; but An-na never want-ed to do any-thing for any-bod-y, and that, some way, had such an ef-fect up-on her looks that no-bod-y ever thought she was e-ven pret-ty, to say noth-ing of be-ing "a beau-ty."

It was Kit-ty.

Kit-ty was the Beau-ty of the fam-i-ly.

This Kit-ty had "light hair," and her eyes were of no partic-u-lar col-or, and no dress-maker could fit her dump-ling lit-tle fig-ure. I don't say that she was gen-er-al-ly *called* the "beau-ty," but—well per-haps it was be-cause she was so rea-dy to "do things," and "to go," and to "give up," and be-cause she looked so glad and so hap-py all the time, that ev-e-ry-bod-y missed Kit-ty if they didn't see her the first thing when they came in-to the house; and all the school-chil-dren said they

"liked Kit the best of all the Col-by girls. She was the pret-ti-est girl in school."

Yes, it was o-blig-ing Kit-ty

who was the Beau-ty of the Fam-i-ly, though you could have found fault with her eyes and her hair and com-plex-ion.

## SO SLEEP-Y.

BY MRS. MA-RY L. WY-ATT.

"I'm *so* s'leep-y, s'leep-y, s'leep-y !

An' I want to go to bed —  
I'se dwinked my milk, and eat  
my cook-ie,

An' had 'las-ses on my bread.



SO SLEEP-Y.

O, my hands are *or-fu'* sticky,  
'Spouse my *face* is dirty too,  
'Fwaid ma's gone for wa-ter —  
O dear me, what shall I do?

O, I wis' I hadn't touched it,  
'Spouse I ain't fit to be seen ;

Nas-sy, hor-wid, old m'-las-ses!

There! I don't want to be  
clean.

Dear me suz, my eyes keep  
shut-tin',

Dess I'll take a 'it-tle nap ;  
This nice rug is pret-ty com-  
f'-ble,

Mos' as nice as mam-ma's  
lap."

Now she's nod-ding, and the  
kit-ty

Comes and laps her stick-y  
hand.

Mam-ma takes her sleep-y treas-  
ure,

Car-ries her off to baby-land.



# THE STO-RY OF A RAB-BIT.

BY M. A. R.

THIS is a true sto-ry.

It is a-bout a hun-gry rab-bit.

Once he be-longed to two lit-tle boys.

These lit-tle boys were ver-y



BUN-NY IS DIS-AP-POINT-ED IN HIS LUNCH.

fond of a lady who lived next door. So they gave her their hand-some white rab-bit.

This la-dy's lit-tle ba-baby was

a-fraid of the rab-bit.

She was a-fraid of his long ears.

When she saw him she crept a-way as fast as she could.

The rabbit was a-fraid of the ba-by.

He had nev-er heard a ba-by cry be-fore.

When she cried he hopped a-way in-to a cor-ner and sat down and trem-bled.

He would not come out of the cor-ner un-til the ba-by was car-ried up-stairs.

One day the la-dy and the ba-by went a-way for a vis-it. They were to be gone all night.

They were so glad to go they nev-er thought a-bout the rab-bit.

They for-got that he would want his sup-per and his break-fast.

The rab-bit hopped a-bout

in the kitch-en all the fore-noon. He was glad the ba-by was gone. He hopped and he leaped for joy.

In the af-ter-noon he was hun-gry.

He hopped out in-to the shed. His pan was emp-ty.

He was ver-y sor-ry his mis-tress had for-got-ten him.

He was lone-some and hun-gry when he went to sleep that night.

He was lone-some and hun-gry when he woke next morn-ing.

He hopped a-gain in-to all the cor-ners. He hopped out in-to the shed to look once more.

But no, he could find no break-fast.

Then he hopped through into the sit-ting-room.

But there was no break-fast there.

He saw an-oth-er door o-pen. It was not o-pen wide, but he pushed through into the par-

lor, where he nev-er had been be-fore.

He saw some-thing in this room that made him glad.

He saw break-fast. He saw plen-ty of break-fast.

His mis-tress had *not* for-got-ten him.

The floor was covered with green leaves and flow-ers. They looked fresh and ten-der.

The rabbit thought he was in a gar-den.

He must have thought so, for when his mis-tress came home at night, she found the rab-bit had gnawed the leaves and flow-ers of the par-lor car-pet.

She gave the rab-bit a-way and bought a new car-pet.

Please re-mem-ber to leave some-thing for your pets to eat when you go a-way from home.

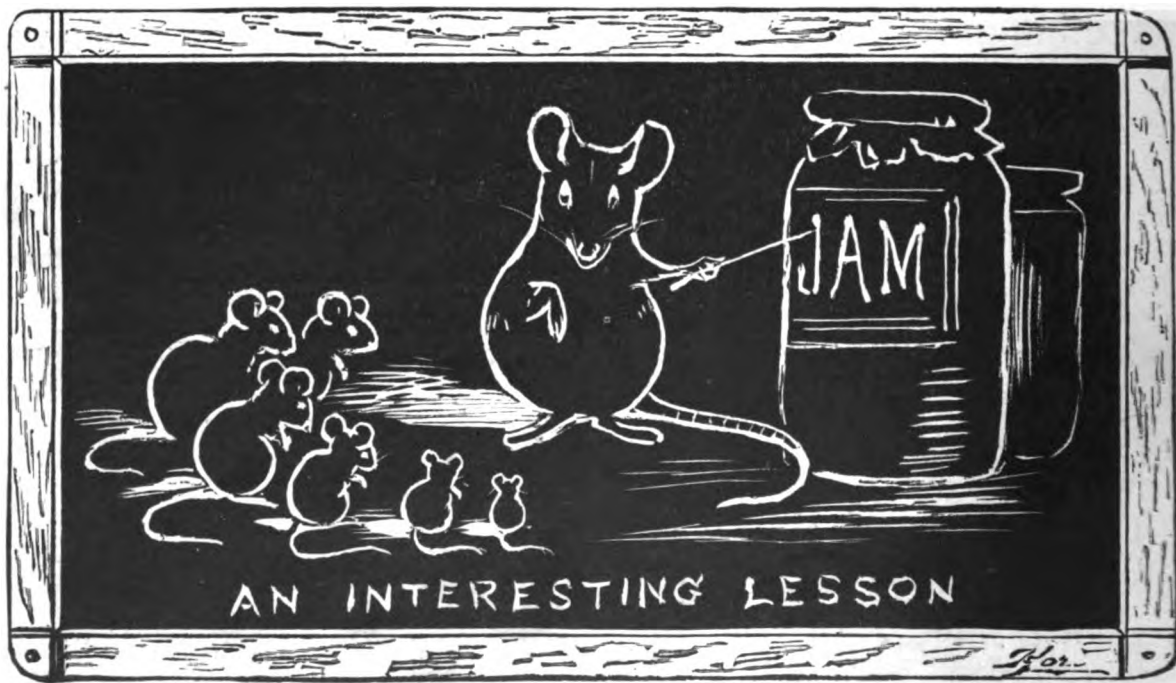
They want their reg-u-lar meals as much as you do, and they suf-fer from hun-ger just as you would.

Please do not forget this.





HAV-ING A GOOD TIME.



SLATE PICT-URE FOR BA-BY TO DRAW.

# BABYLAND.

VOL. IV.

NO. 7.



DOL-LY DOLE-FUL'S WAY.

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# TWO WAYS OF BE-ING WASHED.

BY KATE LAW-RENCE.

## I. — DOL-LY DOLE-FUL'S WAY.

This is the way Dol-ly Dole-ful gets washed and dressed.

As soon as nurse says, "Come, Miss Dol-ly, it is time for you to be washed," she puts her back up a-against the wall.

It is of no use ei-ther to coax Dol-ly Dole-ful, or to scold her; so nurse ei-ther pulls her to the wash-ba-sin, or brings the wet sponge to her.

Which-ev-er she does, Dol-ly screams.

She cries all the time, as if the nice wa-ter would hurt her! She cov-ers her face with her stick-y lit-tle hands, and rubs them in-to her eyes. Then her face has to be washed all o-ver a-gain.

And then her hair! Dol-ly's hair curls, and if she would have it kept nice-ly it would

be ver-y pret-ty. But nurse says she dreads to touch Dol-ly's hair.

Dol-ly puts both hands on the top of her head as soon as she sees nurse com-ing. When nurse comes to the tan-gles, she just roars. She says, "O! O! O! you pull my hair on pur-pose! I'll tell mam-ma, so I will."

She shakes her head so that nurse can-not make her curls look nice-ly.

When she is dressed she looks so cross and ug-ly that you would not wish to see her.

## II. — MIN-NIE MER-RY'S WAY.

This is the way Min-nie Mer-ry gets washed and dressed.

Min-nie has no nurse to keep her ti-dy, as Dol-ly has. Her sis-ter Lou-ise takes care of her.

As soon as Min-nie gets up in the morn-ing, and as soon as she leaves the table, she runs to the wash-ba-sin. She does not like to have her face and hands dir-ty for one mo-ment.

“Now for a good bath !” she says.

She likes to have plen-ty of wa-ter in the ba-sin. She puts her hands in the cool wa-ter and lets them lie there. She takes the sponge and wash-es her cheeks and her ro-sy mouth.

Some-times she splash-es like a hap-py bird.

Then Lou-ise takes the sponge and wash-es her thor-ough-ly.

Min-nie says, “Put on plen-ty of wa-ter, Weed-y, dear ; I love wa-ter.”

Then Weed-y combs her hair.

Weed-y tries not to “pull.”

When she comes to the tan-gles Min-nie laughs. If it hurts much, she makes a fun-ny

lit-tle noise, “Ow ! ow ! ow !” but she laughs while she is mak-ing it.

Some-times she says, “O, you hurt me, Weed-y, dear, but I won’t cry ; laugh-ing is bet-ter than cry-ing, isn’t it ?

Some-times she says, “O, Weed-y, I don’t know but I shall *have* to cry !”

Then Lou-ise combs her hair straight down o-ver her face and says, “Where is your nose ?”

Min-nie says, “Lost a-mong the bush-es !”

Then Lou-ise parts it and says, “Where is it now ?”

“Found a-mong the bush-es,” says Min-nie ; and she laughs mer-ri-ly.

Min-nie’s hair doesn’t curl, but when it is combed nice-ly, and tied back with rib-bons, she looks so sweet and fresh that it is a pleas-ure to see her.

Which is best, Dol-ly’s or Min-nie’s way ?





## A LIT-TLE RHYME OF A LIT-TLE MAID.

A lit-tle wind was blow-ing, blow-ing, blow-ing ;  
A lit-tle rain was fall-ing in lit-tle drops a-down ;  
A lit-tle maid was go-ing, go-ing, go-ing,  
A-cross a lit-tle mead-ow to reach a lit-tle town ;

A lit-tle um-brel-la—brel-la—brel-la  
She held with-in her lit-tle hand a-bove her lit-tle head ;  
And lit-tle Is-a-bel-la—bel-la—bel-la  
Felt quite a lit-tle touch of pride to see the lit-tle spread.

She turned a lit-tle cor-ner, cor-ner, cor-ner,  
A lit-tle peal of thun-der made just a lit-tle flash,  
And be-fore I'd time to warn her, warn her, warn her,  
That lit-tle um-brel-la was just a lit-tle smash !

## THE LIT-TLE BARNES BOYS.

The lit-tle Barnes boys, Harry and Her-bert, have no toys that cost o-ver five cents ; but yet the lit-tle Barnes boys are as hap-py as they can be.

A few sticks and a news-pa-per and a piece of string make a good kite ; a ball of yarn covered with an old glove makes a good ball ; and as for a ve-loc-



A FIRST-CLASS TEE TER.

i-pede — is there not a stout plank bench at the back door, and a board to lay a-cross it — ah, such a cap-i-tal “tee-ter” as that makes!

“No mat-ter if we are poor,”

says Mam-ma Barnes, “chil-dren that have ev-er-y-thing they want are al-ways cross.”

“No,” say the Barnes boys, “we have ev-er-y-thing *we* want, and *we* ar’n’t cross!”



## "KA-TY DID."



KA-TY.

Wan-dered to the riv-er  
brink,  
Where the cat-tle stop to  
drink,  
And (I *know* 'tis ver-y  
shock-ing!)  
Quick-ly off came shoe  
and stocking,  
First from one foot, then  
the oth-er—  
Nev-er thought of mind-  
ing mother—  
And the wa-ter, cool and  
sweet,  
Splashed a-bout her dim-  
pled feet!  
Hark! she hears a-cross  
the hill  
Someone call-ing "Whip-  
poor-will!"  
And her stur-dy lit-tle  
shout

Ka-ty tossed the new-mown hay  
All the pleas-ant sum-mer day;  
Roved the fra-grant mead-ow  
o-ver,  
Gath-er-ing tufts of sweet red  
clo-ver, —

Flings the ech-oes all a-bout:  
"No, it isn't — can't you *see*?  
'Tisn't Will — 'tis on-ly *me*!"  
Truth, though sad, must not  
be hid —  
All these things our Ka-ty did.

## SU-SY'S CHOICE.

Two such nice dogs — one so white and clean, the other so brown and silky; two such dear dogs — one barked beautifully if even a butterfly

flew by, the other looked up in her eyes so lovingly.

And Su-sy could have the one she liked best!

“*Which* shall I take?” said



Su-sy, with danc-ing eyes.

“I think you *have* cho-sen,” said James.

Yes; though Su-sy didn't know it, she was hold-ing the

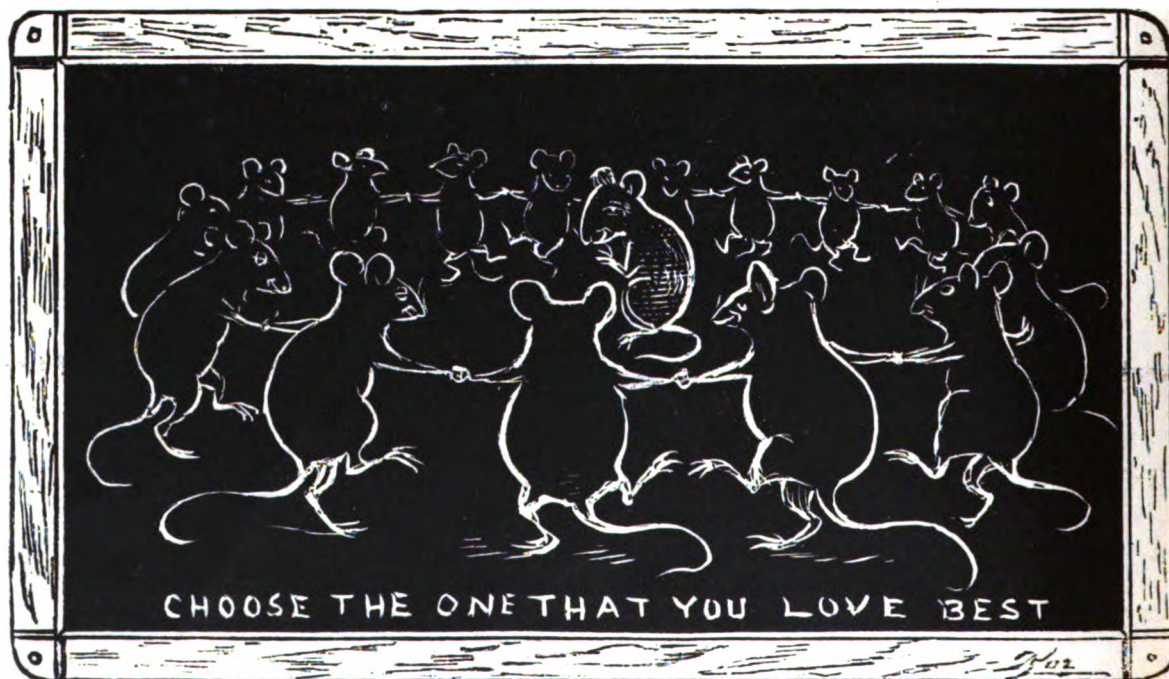
paw of the lit-tle dog-gy with the lov-ing eyes.

Then James car-ried a-way the oth-er dog be-fore Su-sy had time to change her mind.





A MORN-ING RIDE.



SLATE PICT-URE FOR BA-BY TO DRAW.



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THE LITTLE MAN-OF-ALL-WORK.

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# THE LIT-TLE MAN OF-ALL-WORK.

BY E. F. P.

Ju-ly days are long, hot days ; and lit-tle Ralph, who digs in the gar-den, has to take a great ma-n-y “ noon-ings.” Ev-er-y now and then, when mam-ma looks out, she sees a lit-tle fel-low with a red face, and his hat in his hand, come pant-ing a-long. He sits down on the old saw-horse in the shade of the morn-ing-glo-ry vines, and says, “ I guess I shall have to take a noon-ing, mam-ma.”

Little Ralph is mam-ma’s man-of-all-work. In fact he is the on-ly man a-bout the place. So, of course, he has to do a great deal. Pos-i-tive-ly, mam-ma could not keep house with-out him one day, and she tells him so oft-en. He brings in bask-ets of chips for the fire ; and he o-pens the ov-en door and looks in at the pies and cook-ies ; and he shakes the

table-cloth, and calls the doves to come get the crumbs ; and he puts the chairs in their places ; and he brush-es up the hearth ; and he eats the larg-est lumps of sug-ar so they will not trou-ble mam-ma in her cook-ing ; and he picks out the rais-ins that are too big to put in the pud-ding ; and he scares the hens out of the gar-den, and finds a great man-y eggs that they have hid-den a-way ; and he tells mam-ma of the first rose-bud that o-pens ; and he brings in the very first straw-ber-ry ; and best of all he sleeps on her pil-low ev-er-y night, and wakes up ev-er-y morn-ing so smile-y, and sun-shin-y, and talk-y, that she thinks she is the ver-y happi-est wom-an in all the world.

Isn’t he a capi-tal lit-tle boy ?

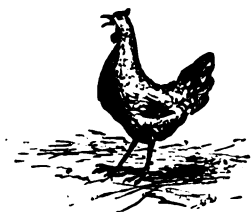




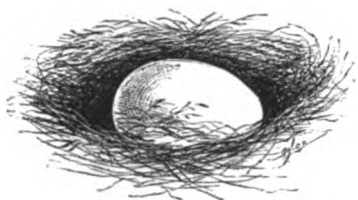
Run fast as you can,  
O, lit-tle dog Ro-ver,  
Bring bos-sy cow back

Right out of the clover,  
For ba-by has tipped  
His bread-and-milk o-ver!

## AD-DI-TION TA-BLE FOR LIT-TLE FOLKS.



The tale be-gins with one :  
My pul-let in the sun  
Is brush-ing up her feath-ers, e'er  
Her day's work is be-gun.



One and one are two :  
She proud-ly turns to view,  
Safe hid with-in the co-sey nest,  
An egg of snow-y hue.



One and two are three :  
Dame Black and she a-gree,  
That such an egg by mor-tal hen  
Will nev-er e-qualled be.



One and three are four :  
The roos-ter in the door  
Crows loud, and to the ad-mir-ing crowd  
Adds one spec-ta-tor more.



One and four are five :  
Squire roos-ter makes a dive,  
And o'er a long fat an-gle-worm  
The whole as-sem-bly strive.

One and five are six :

Lo ! Carlo, full of tricks,  
Comes scam-bling o'er the cook's wood-pile,  
Up-set-ting all the sticks.



One and six are sev-en :

Brim-full of mis-chief's leav-en,  
He wakes old Bose, and soon the flock  
To the four winds are driv-en.



One and sev-en are eight :

Hear Tab-by soft-ly purr !  
But as the cor-ner Car-lo turns  
Her claws are in his fur.



One and eight are nine :

With one most dis-mal whine  
He flies with Bose where pi-ty-ing Rose  
Her clothes hangs on the line.



One and nine are ten :

Quoth he to old Bose, then,  
“ I'll nev-er sound, while Tab-by's round,  
The call to war a-gain ! ”





## WHAT THE LIT-TLE LEES DID.

There were four lit-tle Lee girls — An-nie Lee, Fan-nie Lee, Mi-na Lee, and Ni-na Lee; and these four lit-tle Lees al-ways rhymed and chimed to-geth-er, no mat-ter what they did, just like their names.

One chil-ly Oc-to-ber morn-ing, when they ran out in the yard to play, all four of these rhym-ing and chim-ing and charm-ing lit-tle Lees, at the same moment, saw a bird. He was walk-ing a-long on the fence, and one of his wings hung down o-ver his bod-y in a queer way. He saw the four lit-tle Lees at the same time they saw him, and hopped down and tried to hop a-way.

“Don’t speak, and don’t stir, and I’ll catch him,” said the lit-tle-est Lee — Nina.

“But ought you to catch a bird?” said Mina.

“If she don’t, the cat will,” said An-nie.

“That is so, for his wing is brok-en,” said Fannie.

So the three eld-est lit-tle Lees stood still, and Ni-na stepped a-long soft-ly behind the bird, who in try-ing to hop fast-er tipped o-ver, and then Ni-na got him.

O, how soft he felt in her two hands! He flut-tered, but she held him fast in the lit-tle shel-ter. “Don’t!” she said. “You are sick, lit-tle bird. Your mates have flown south. It will be fros-ty to-night, and you would freeze; be-sides, the cat would catch you.”

They all went in to-geth-er to mam-ma, who shook her head o-ver the brok-en wing, and the long win-ter.

But Ni-na put him in a cage; and Mi-na brought him some crumbs; and An-nie brought

him some wa-ter and some seeds; and Fan-nie hung a cloth o-ver the cage so that he would think it was night, and sit down and keep quiet and rest — per-haps sleep.

Well, this bird-ie lived all win-ter.

His wing grew strong; and O, how loud he chirped when spring came! But the lit-tle Lees began to feel very bad,



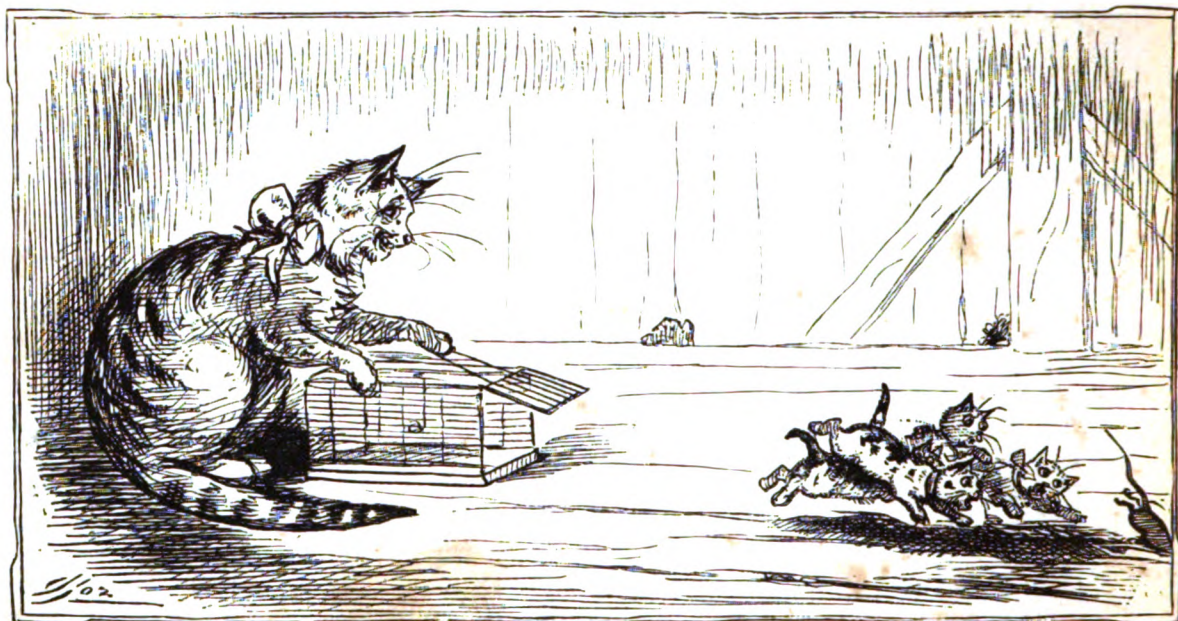
WHAT THEY DID WITH THE BIRD.

and each one went to the win-dow and hung down her head.

And at last one warm day, after the bird had beat-en his wings a whole hour a-against

the cage, Ni-na looked at Mi-na and An-nie looked at Fan-nie, and mam-ma looked at them all and smiled, and then—well, you can guess by the pict-ure *what* they did!





THE FIRST LES-SON.



SLATE PICT-URE FOR BA-BY TO DRAW.



# BABYLAND.

No. 9.

VOL. IV.



MASTER PAINT BRUSH.

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## MAS-TER PAINT-BRUSH.

This sto-ry is a-bout a dear lit-tle fel-low whom his sis-ters call "Mas-ter Paint-brush." His folks have all the paint-ings they want—so ma-ny that Mas-ter Paint-brush's mam-ma says they have to "hang them up on the floor;" and al-most all the books in the house have plates "col-ored by hand."

Mas-ter Paint-brush can paint a pict-ure in five min-utes, a-ny time. He can paint you a large sheep with a scar-let fleece while you stand look-ing on, and he can dash off a green goose in half that time—and such flocks of sky-blue ducks sail-ing on old-gold ponds!

You ought to see a pur-ple sun-set he paint-ed for his mam-ma, with a row of pink doves fly-ing a-long the sky! He paints cups and sau-cers like a lit-tle Jap-an-ese, and all the dolls in the house have each a set of choice hand-paint-ed chi-na.

Some-times Mas-ter Paint-brush is to be seen with a green cheek, and some-times with one of but-ter-cup yel-low; some-times he is dot-ted, some-times he is striped, and oft-en he wears rain-bows; and al-ways it is a great deal of work to do his wash-ing—still ev-er-y-bod-y in the house loves him.



Tears in his eyes,  
Tears on his cheek!  
"Boo-hoo!" cried he,  
"My boots don't squeak!"  
Boo-hoo!" cried he.





"KEEP-ING HOUSE."

## A SONG OF SIX-PENCE.

Sing a song, a brand-new song: "Sing a song of six-pence, A pock-et full of rye." John and Jim-my both picked some, So they could have a pie.	And when they'd filled their pock-ets full, Down in the field of rye, They found some cun-ning lit-tle birds, To put in-to the pie.
--	--



Six pret-ty lit-tle hid-den nests,  
 Down in the yel-low rye,  
 Held four-and-twen-ty ba-by  
 birds,  
 E-nough to fill the pie.



THAT FAMOUS PIE!

They set them all with-in the  
 dish,  
 Lined with a crust of rye ;  
 But soon the four-and-twen-ty  
 birds  
 Cried out in-side the pie.

Then Jim-my turned and  
 looked at John,  
 And John took up the pie,  
 And back the lit-tle lad-dies  
 went  
 In-to the field of rye.

The moth-er bird flew up and  
 shrieked,  
 "O, have you baked that  
 pie?  
 How can you bring the cru-el  
 dish,  
 And eat it in the rye!"

"No, no, they're all a-live," said  
 John—  
 And down they set the pie ;  
 The birds flew out and found  
 their nests  
 Down in the yel-low rye.

So "sing a song of six-pence,  
 A pock-et full of rye ;"  
 And how the dear-est lit-tle  
 boys  
 Gave up the fa-mous pie.

# THE HIS-TO-RY OF NAN-CY LEE.

BY A. W. A.

One time there was a lit-tle black kit-ten named Nan-cy Lee. Nan-cy was-n't wanted where she lived.

The cook was a big cross wom-an, who said she "did-n't want that good-for-noth-ing kit-ten a-round un-der *her* feet."

So she picked up a broom and scat-ted Nan-cy Lee out doors.

The poor kit-ten cried a-loud "Me-A-ow!" But that did-n't dry her soft fur. She was so fright-ened that she hid a-mong the bush-es for a long time.

After a while she raised her head and looked a-round for a friend. But she saw on-ly a big black bee-tle.

Then she jumped into the road, and sat down on the grass to smooth out her wet fur.

She had nev-er washed her

own lit-tle coat be-fore, for her moth-er had al-ways done it for her; but she was do-ing the best she could, when a-long came a big dog. And what do you think he did?

Just as Nan-cy was go-ing up to him to ask him to let her warm her-self by him, he o-pened his big mouth and said, "B-r-r-r! *bow*! wow!"

Oh! how Nan-cy Lee did run!

Next she saw a large red cow. This cow was walk-ing a-long the road eat-ing grass. The cow looked so nice and kind that Nan-cy ran and sat down right un-der her.

The cow did-n't drive her a-way, nor say "scat!" nor "bow! wow!" but still she was walk-ing a-long a lit-tle bit at a time, and the kit-ten sat so close





NAN-CY LEE SEES THE BIG BLACK BEE-TLE.



to her feet that she was in danger.

Just then a lit-tle girl with long yel-low hair looked out of the house near by.

"Oh, mam-ma!" said she, "out there's a lit-tle black kit-ten, sit-ting un-der a big cow. She looks so cold, poor thing! I'm 'fraid the cow will step on her! Look, mam-ma."

So the la-dy looked too, and saw them. She liked kit-tens as well as her lit-tle girl, but she did-n't want a-ny more, as they had three al-read-y.

Still the lit-tle girl begged hard to have the kit-ten brought in, and at last the la-dy went out and got her. The lit-tle girl took her lit-tle broom and brushed her, and then she sat by the warm stove and washed her rough dir-ty coat, while the la-dy went out and warmed some milk. She gave it to Nan-cy Lee in a teen-ty, *ween-ty*

lit-tle pan, just big e-nough for her. Nancy drank just as fast as she could, and then had a lit-tle bit of Char-lotte Russe that the lit-tle girl was eat-ing. Was-n't that a fun-ny din-ner for Nan-cy?

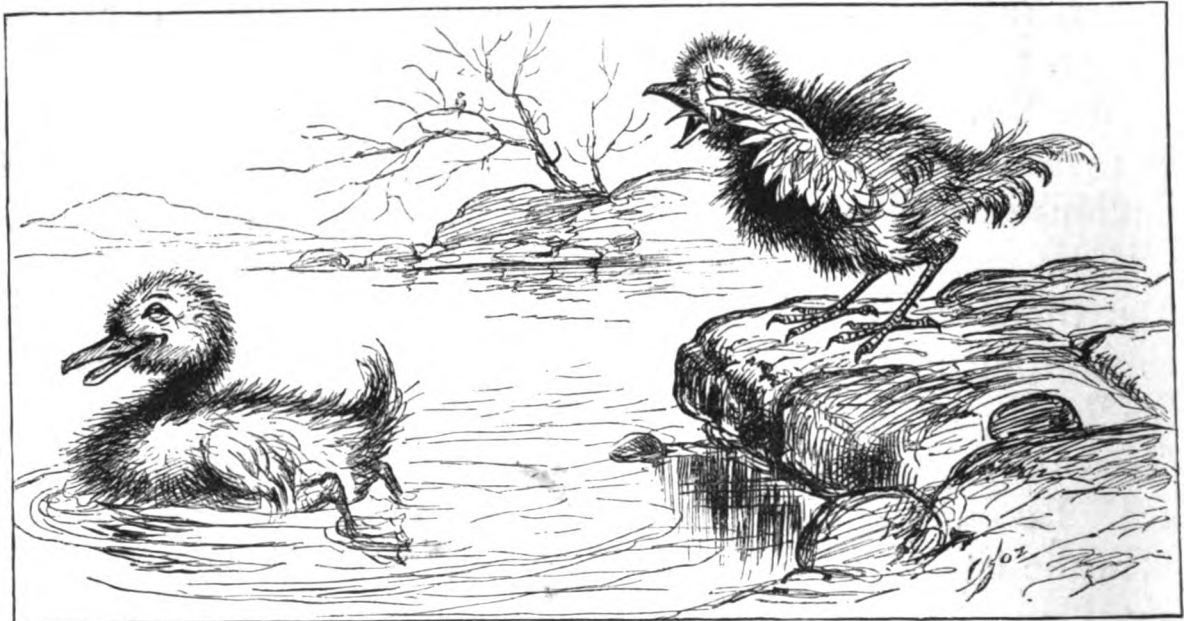
Then Miss Lee began to sing for the girl-ie. Did *you* know kit-tens could sing?

She sang "P-r-r-r-r" so *soft-ly*! The lit-tle girl laughed, and Nan-cy stopped.

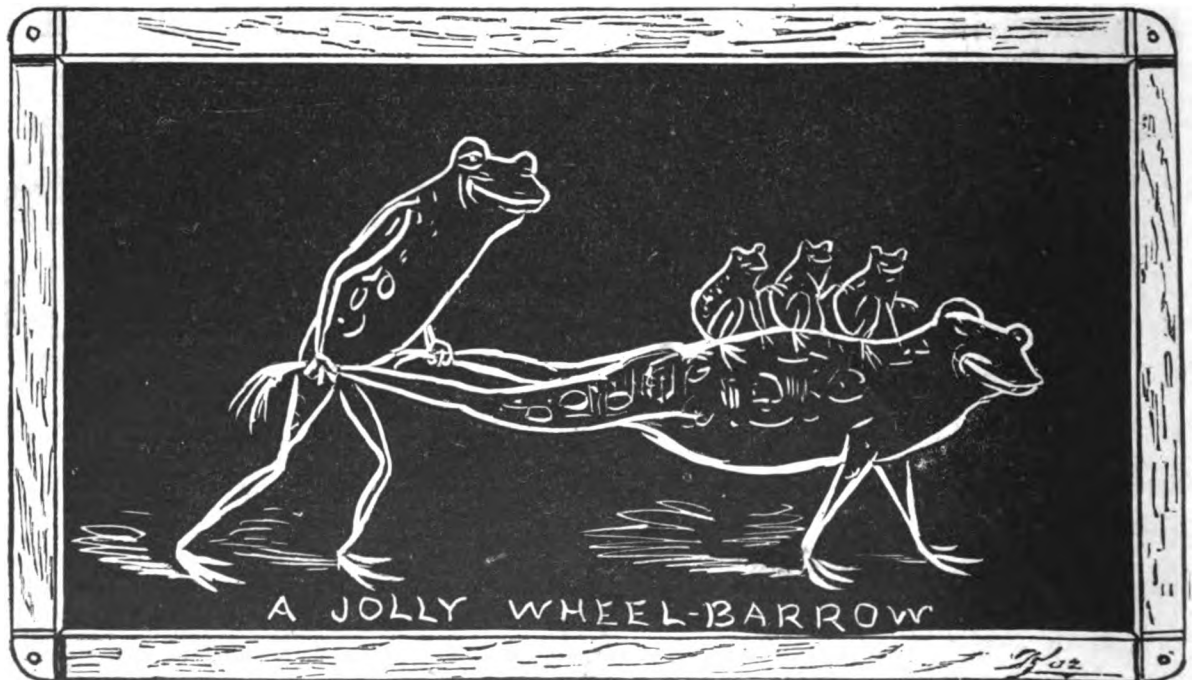
Then the lit-tle girl said, "Mam-ma, she looks just as if her name was Nan-cy Lee. Now, kit-tie, if that's your name, sing more, but if 'tisn't, keep still."

Then the kit-ten began a-gain, and purred and purred like ev-er-y-thing, and so they called her Nan-cy Lee.

Nan-cy Lee still lives in her new home, and has all the new milk she can drink out of the teen-ty, *ween-ty* lit-tle pan.



"COME BACK! I'LL TELL MOTH-ER!"



SLATE PICT-URE FOR BA-BY TO DRAW.



# BABYLAND.

VOL. IV.

NO. 10.



DOT-TY AND DELL

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## DOT-TY AND DELL.

Ten o'clock at night, and two lit-tle girls out of bed and sit-ting on the hall stairs!

How a-fraid they look!

What *do* you think it means?

There is no rea-son why lit-tle girls should be a-fraid in their own pa-pa's house.

Ah, Dot-ty and Dell, what if the lit-tle mouse in the cor-ner should tell what he heard said in the lit-tle white nurs-er-y bed!

What if the lit-tle mouse should tell that he heard Dot-ty say mam-ma was "fus-sy," be-cause she would not let them go o-ver to aunt-ie's house and catch the meas-les!

What if the lit-tle mouse should say that Dell pro-posed they should run a-way to-mor-row and go!

What if the lit-tle mouse should give it as his o-pin-ion that they got a-fraid in their lit-tle bed, and stole out to sit

on the light-ed stairs, be-cause they had talked so naught-y they were a-fraid of the pleas-ant fire-lit sleep-y dark.

How sweet and kind mam-ma's voice sounds down in the par-lor!

All at once Dot-ty feels sor-ry she said that naught-y word a-bout such a sweet mam-ma. She leans up and whis-pers to Dell.

"I think we should be *ev-er* so wick-ed to run a-way and catch meas-les for mam-ma to doctor us!"

"Let's not go," says lit-tle Dell. "An' too, we should be sick if we had the meas-les."

Then they hear pa-pa's latch key in the hall door, and they run back to bed, not a bit a-fraid an-y more. In ten min-utes they are fast a-sleep. If the lit-tle mouse don't tell, mam-ma will nev-er know how they came and sat on the stairs.



# "HOO-DLE-DUM."

BY K. T. W.

"Hoo-dle-dum" is a ba-by boy  
With the fat-test of lit-tle fat  
feet,  
And a gown of white  
With rib-bons red,  
And his cheeks are clean and  
sweet.

"Hoo-dle-dum" — that's his  
pa-pa's name  
For this pret-ty ba-by boy;  
He is ro-sy and red,  
With a curl-y head,  
And they called him "pa-pa's  
joy."

"Hoodle-dum" rides a gay,  
gay horse  
Sit-ting there on his pa-pa's  
knee;

With whisk-ers for reins,  
He spares no pains,  
And laughs in mer-ry glee.



"Ride, Hoo-dle-dum, ride,"  
Calls pa-pa half in fun,  
"Ride far, and ride fast,  
Old Care will at last  
Stop our jour-ney so well be-  
gun."

# THE STO-RY OF A GOOSE.

(Cop-ied from a Lit-tle School-Girl's Slate.)

Once on a time, not a great man-y years a-go, there lived an old gen-tle-man and la-dy all a-lone in this lit-tle square house.



This house had one round win-dow in the mid-dle—as you can see.



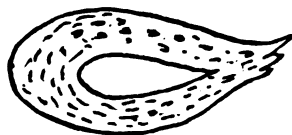
It had al-so a queer ver-an-da on the front, like this.



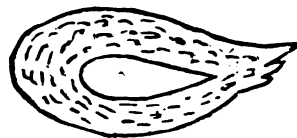
At quite a distance from the house was a great pond full of fish, with an isl-and in the mid-dle.

On a fine day this is the way it looked. The lit-tle

marks are fish-es and the place where they are thick-est is a cove where the fish like to lie in the shade.

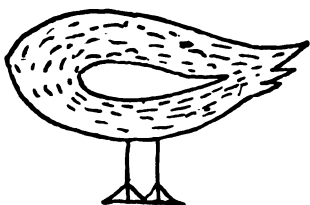


South of the pond were two two small hous-es side by side. In each house lived three sis-ters — this is the way they looked.



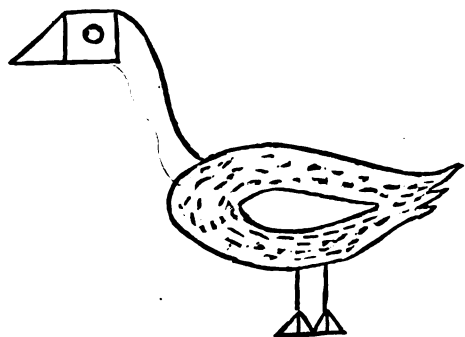
These sis-ters used to get their wa-ter from the pond and they went by two paths like this.





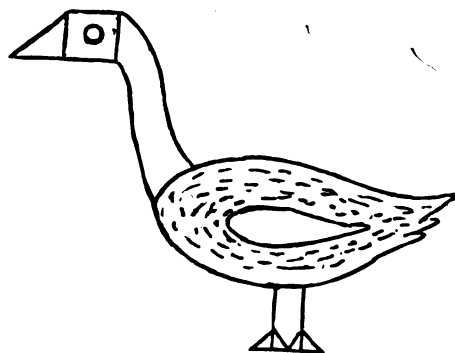
One day the old gen-tle-man in the square house saw some boys and girls go down to the pond.

They were gone so long that he said to his wife, "My dear, I am go-ing to the pond to see what has be-come of those chil-dren. I am a-fraid they have fal-len in. He went from the house to the pond by a path like this:



After he had been gone

some time the old lad-y felt a-larmed a-bout him and thought she would go too, so she went from the house down to the pond by an-oth-er path, like this:



Then they were all there; and the old gen-tle-man and la-dy looked at each oth-er, and they both smiled and blushed. The sis-ters looked at each oth-er, and they smiled and blushed al-so, and so did the boys and girls, and then they all cried out to-geth-er in great, big cap-i-tal let-ters:

"DEAR ME ! IT IS NOTH-ING BUT A GOOSE !"

# LIT-TLE GREY MOUSE.

BY S. E. F.

Mrs. Puss and her fam-i-ly kept house in a gar-ret. Grey Mouse and her fam-i-ly kept house there too. Mrs. Puss had one daugh-ter. Grey Mouse had four. She had had sev-en.

Ev-ery day she called her chil-dren a-bout her. She talked a-bout those gi-ants in the oth-er room.

She talked about Mas-ter Tom-my down stairs.

She talked a-bout the crack-ers laid down at their door.

She talked a-bout those lit-tle pieces of cheese hang-ing from those lit-tle wires in box-es.

She talked sad-ly of all the lit-tle grey mice who were not there now ; and then she talked of mov-ing.

Grey Mouse had trav-eled much. She knew that ev-er-y where there was dan-ger for

lit-tle fat mice chil-dren.

This morn-ing she told her lit-tle Greys to re-main qui-et un-der the wall un-til she should re-turn. They must not ven-ture out-side the door, nor touch the crack-ers and cheese. They must go to sleep in the cor-ner, and when she came back they should have some of Mas-ter Tom-mie's beech-nuts.

Mice chil-dren prom-ised with their lit-tle tails all curled up with fear, and ran a-way in-to the cor-ner.

Then Grey Mouse start-ed on her jour-ney, right a-cross the great plain where live the gi-ants!

A might-y big bound from four great feet! Some lit-tle scam-pers from four lit-tle feet! But Grey Mouse knows the road, and she is out of reach with one sweep.

She pauses to take breath. She smiles se-re-ne-ly at the great paw scratch-ing a-way un-der the door.

Then she meets Mas-ter Tom-mie in the kitch-en. He strikes at her with his long whip. She sees ba-by Alice in the nurs-ery She darts right a-cross her pret-ty pink toes.

Grey Mouse at last finds a home for her lit-tle Greys. Far a-way from Mrs. Puss! Far a-way from Mas-ter Tom-mie, and those fun-ny lit-tle box-es, in a beau-ti-ful corn crib!



ON-LY ONE CHILD LEFT!

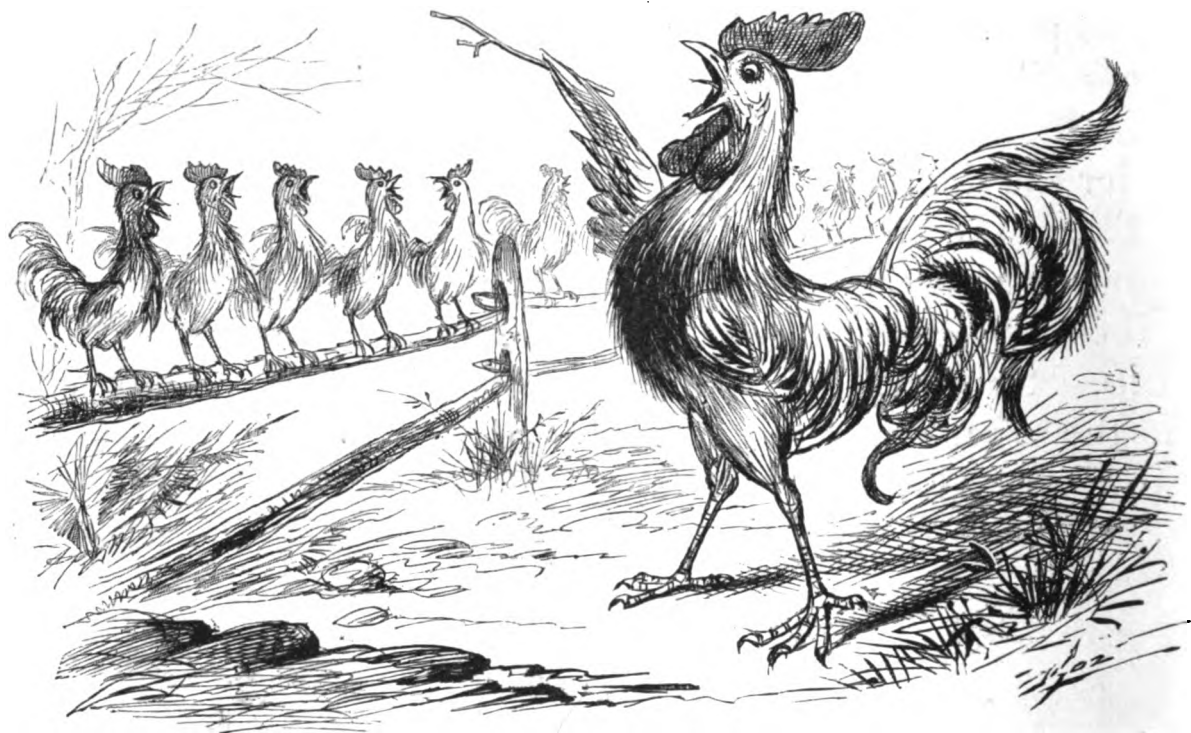
Grey Mouse re-returns mer-ri-ly sing-ing:

“Oh, a plen-ty of corn  
Al-ways pays!  
I’ll go back a-gain,  
For my lit-tle Greys.”

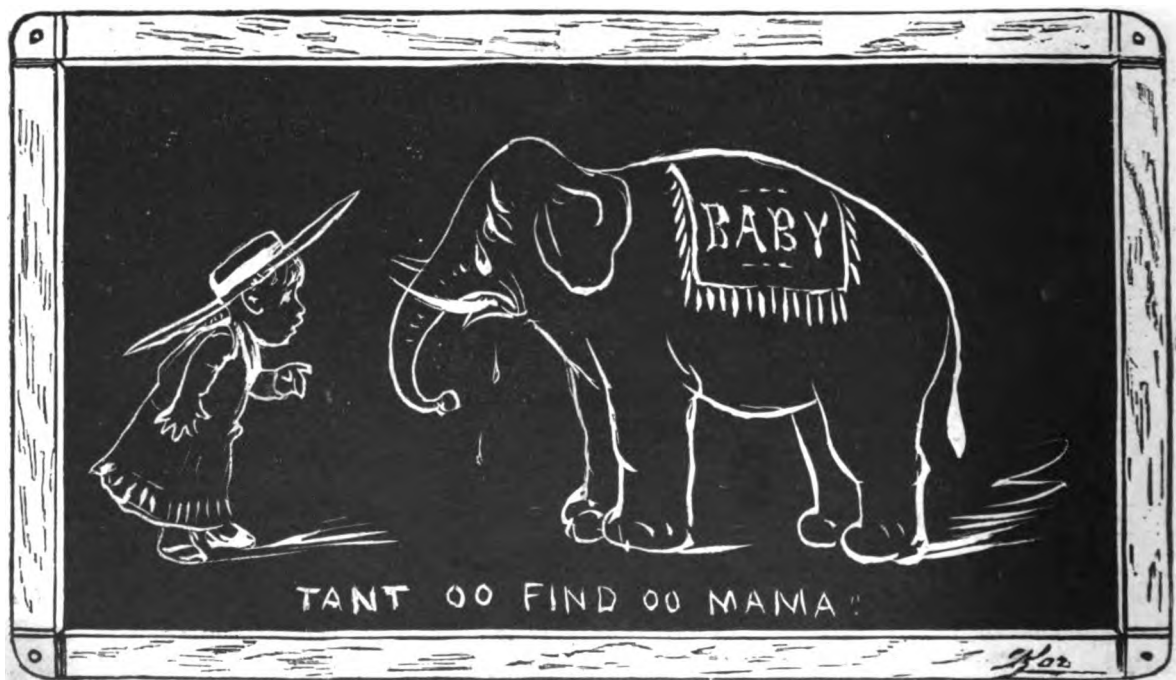
But where were the lit-tle Greys? On-ly one in the empty cor-ner tremb-ling and hid-ing a-way! Mrs. Puss and her daugh-ter frisk-ing in the sun-light! They look as though they had had a good meal!

Ver-y soft-ly Grey Mouse takes her one child in her mouth and leaves the gar-ret for-ev-er.





"NOW, ALL TO-GETH-ER — COCK-A-DOO-DLE-DO-O-O!"



SLATE PICT-URE FOR BA-BY TO DRAW.

# BABYLAND.

VOL. IV.

NO. 11.



CUTTING OUT A FAIRY RING.

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## A FAIR-Y RING.

Ten lit-tle girls were go-ing to have a fair. Lit-tle Top-sy Keech had no wool-en stock-ings to wear to school in cold weath-er. Her ten lit-tle play-mates re-solved to hold a fair, just like big folks, and buy Top-sy some warm stock-ings.

Eight of the lit-tle girls were big e-nough to cro-chet toi-lette sets, and paint cards, and make watch-ca-ses, and man-y oth-er pret-ty things folks buy at fairs ; but two of them were too small to do any-

thing at all with a nee-dle.

But at last they thought of some-thing they could do. They could cut out things—dolls and mon-keys and cats and birds; and before they got through they cut out a long string of dolls, all “tak-ing hold of hands.”

It was so ver-y pret-ty that a lady called it “a Fair-y Ring,” and it brought the high-est prize of any-thing sold at the fair, e-nough, all a-lone by it-self, to buy lit-tle Top-sy a pair of mit-tens.

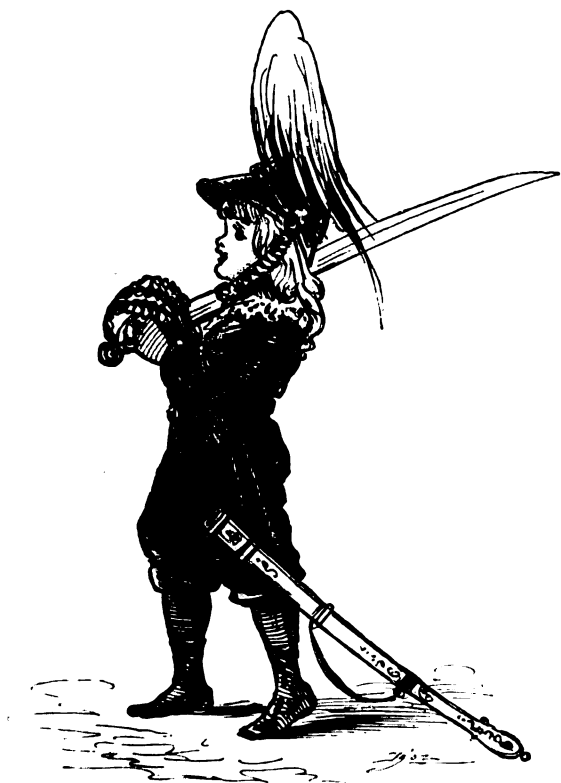


am lit-tle Sum-mer,  
And I am on my way  
To a dis-tant coun-try  
To seek a pleas-ant day ;  
But if I do not find it  
Be sure I shall not stay.



# THE GAL-LANT AND TER-RI-BLE TIM Mc-NEIL.

BY M. E. B.



TIM Mc-NEIL.

Say! In your walks did you  
 chance to meet  
 A fel-low like this in Med-ford  
 street?  
 Gen-u-ine I-rish from head to  
 to heel —

The gal-lant and ter-ri-ble Tim  
 McNeil!

All your sto-ry books, true and  
 un-true,  
 Are noth-ing at all to what  
 he's been through;  
 Goose-flesh and shiv-ers will  
 o-ver you steal,  
 At the won-der-ful sto-ries of  
 Tim McNeil!

His heart and his eyes are  
 I-rish blue,  
 He's a doub-le-dyed pa-tri-ot  
 through and through,  
 He's brave as a li-on, and true  
 as steel,—  
 Hur-rah! for the ter-ri-ble Tim  
 McNeil.

## A MOUSE STO-RY.

Lit-tle Pe-ter-kin was a-fraid of mice. He oft-en com-plained that he could-n't sleep be-cause they nib-bled so, and and squeaked and scam-pered a-bout.

One night lit-tle Pe-ter-kin heard a ti-ny sound close to his ear. He o-pened his eyes. He saw a soft, grey creat-ure, a-bout three inch-es high, stand-ing on the bed.

“Now see here,” it said, “I am a mouse! I look as if I could hurt a boy, don't I? I have my own o-pin-ion of a boy's cour-age at night. But no mat-ter — what I wish to

say is this: *how* do you sup-pose *we* sleep day-times with a



LITTLE PE-TER-KIN'S VIS-IT-OR.

boy tramp-ing a-bout and shout-ing at the top of his lungs! If *we* don't com-plain I should ad-vice *you* not to!”

But lit-tle Pe-ter-kin's mam-ma thinks this is a dream.

## A GOOD REA-SON FOR WIN-TER.

His mit-tens are red,  
And so is his sled —  
Two ver-y good rea-sons you  
know,

Why a dear lit-tle boy  
Should ex-pect to en-joy  
The ver-y first fall of the  
snow.



BA-BY.

## THE CHARMS OF BA-BY.

What is bright-er than this-tle  
down?

Ba-by's fine-spun gold-en  
crown —

This-tle-down will fly a-way,  
Ba-by's crown on his head will  
stay.

What is blu-er than sum-mer  
skies?

Ba-by's great, sweet vi-o-let  
eyes —

Sum-mer's blue turns in-to  
grey,

Ba-by s eyes smile ev-e-ry day.



# A VER-Y NAUGH-TY LIT-TLE GIRL.

BY S. E. F.

This is the pict-ure of a naugh-ty lit-tle girl who ran a-way from school. She put on her big sis-ter's hat and



A LIT-TLE RUN-A-WAY.

shawl o-ver her short dress and lit-tle bare legs, and nev-er wait-ed for break-fast at all!

Broth-er John-nie ran af-ter

her as fast as he could, but he could-n't catch her. Towser ran and barked, and he could-n't catch her. And all the chick-ens and rab-bits ran and hop-ped in the yard, and they could-n't catch her. E-ven mam-ma's sweet voice at the door could-n't bring the naugh-ty lit-tle girl back.

This naugh-ty lit-tle girl had nev-er been to school, but on and on she ran and ran to find the school, all a-lone. At last the lit-tle feet be-gan to ache from so much run-ning, and she could-n't find the big house with the lit-tle girls play-ing in the yard.

And then — oh, oh, two big tears rolled down o-ver the brown lit-tle cheeks and fell right down on the ground be-fore her. Then they came fast-er and fast-er un-til she sat

down on the green grass and tried to cov-er her face all o-ver with her two chub-by lit-tle hands.

Then she for-got to cry a-ny more and went to sleep and dreamed she was lost. She dreamed she was a lit-tle beg-gar girl sit-ting out in a great snow storm. She dreamed that mam-ma cried and pa-pa cried and Tow-zer cried and Bun-nie ran in-to his cor-ner and hid his face way down in the straw and cried and they all be-gan to cry loud-er and loud-er till she thought all the world was mak-ing a loud noise; and all the while she sat there a poor lit-tle beg-gar girl, bare-head-ed and bare-foot-ed in the snow storm.

. All at once she o-pened her eyes and there was big shag-gy Tow-zer com-ing af-ter her with great bounds and barks, and, be-hind him, broth-er



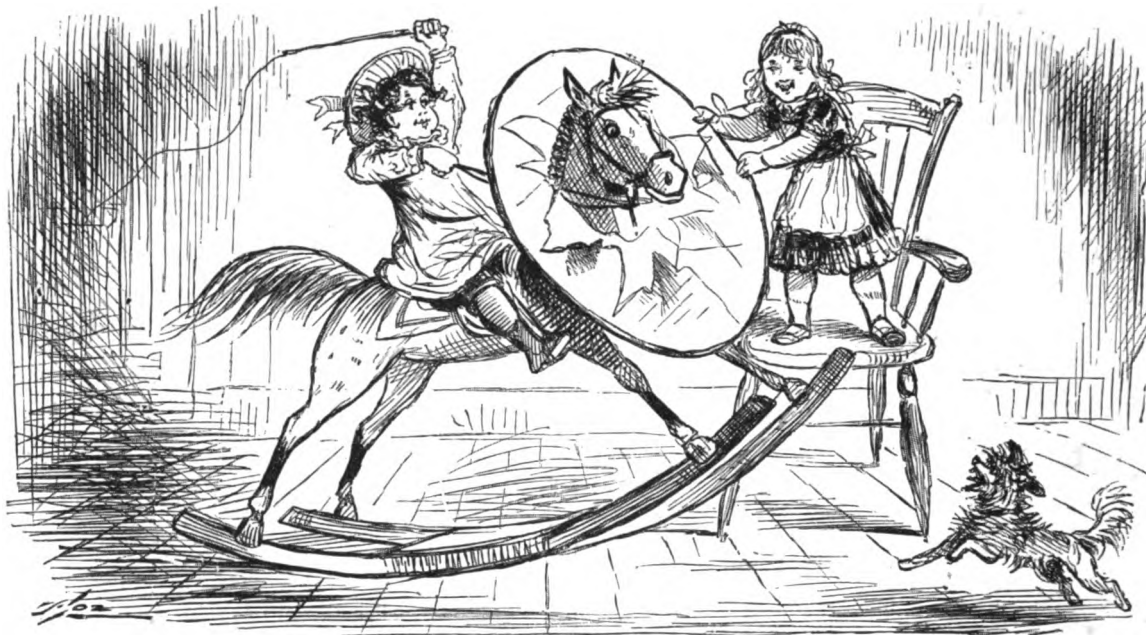
THE LIT-TLE GIRL SHE DREAMED SHE WAS.

John-ie to carry her back home.

She was ver-y glad to go home with them to mam-ma. She de-ter-mined nev-er, nev-er, to run a-way a-gain.

---

They talked and they talked,  
 By the hour to-geth-er:  
 "Fine weath-er!" said he,  
 And she said, "Fine weath-er!"



THESE CHIL-DREN HAVE BEEN TO THE CIR-CUS.



SLATE PICT-URE FOR BA-BY TO DRAW.



# BABYLAND

VOL. IV.

No. 12.



AN-OTH-ER BA-BY MOST LIKE ME!

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## THE PUZ-ZLED BA-BY.

I am a ba-by.

But I don't want you to think I am one of those lit-tle bits of things who know noth-ing at all.

I am an *old* ba-by. I am al-most ten months old!

I have a cous-in who is on-ly nine weeks old. The lit-tle goose don't know how to get his toes in his mouth.

He can't do a-ny-thing but lie and suck his fists. And he can't do e-ven that with any sort of style!

He al-most knocks out his eyes, and bangs his nose, try-ing to aim for his mouth.

Fists are well e-nough when you can't have toes or your mam-ma's watch.

The oth-er day he tried for an hour to get both fists in-to his mouth at once.

I know all a-bout that. I know it can't be done.

But I don't know why it

can't be done. I wish I did.

I nev-er could make up my mind wheth-er it is be-cause the fists are too large or the mouth too small.

This is a great puz-zle to me.

There are some oth-er things that puz-zle me.

Ev-er-y day my mam-ma comes to the nurs-er-y.

She picks me up and hugs me and kiss-es me and con-vers-es with me.

Con-verse is a grown-up word which means ver-y nice talk.

She says: "'Oo is de cun-ning-est, sweet-est it-tle sing in de whole world!"

Then I say: "Yah-yah, yat so."

"Dere isn't a-nud-der ba-by like 'oo *an-y-where*! Not one!"

And I an-swer: "Ah goo. Da-da."

That's the way to con-verse.

We al-ways con-verse ver-y much like that.

But there's an-oth-er thing that puz-zles me.

She car-ries me to her look-ing glass, and what do you think I see there ?

A ba-by just like me!

It is a sol-emn fact ! Eyes and nose and mouth and hands ex-act-ly like mine.

When I laugh, he laughs, and when I want to give him a tap with my fist he tries to give me one, but mam-ma won't let us fight.

When-ev-er I look for him in

the glass he's al-ways there.

The oth-er day nurse car-ried me to the par-lor and let me look in-to the great glass with gold and lace a-bout it.

I saw a ba-by in there, too ! That makes two just like me !

I can't un-der-stand it at all, for I know my dear pret-ty mam-ma would not tell a lie. This is the worst puz-zle of all.

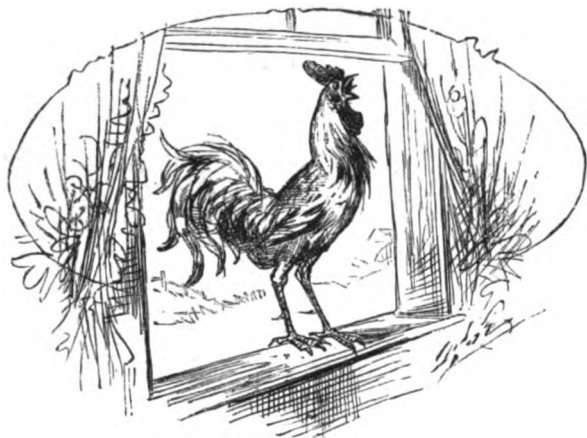
Some day I shall be a man, and then I'll know all a-bout it. Men know ev-er-y-thing.

Ev-er-y-bod-y was a ba-by once, but they all got o-ver it. They al-ways do.



BOB-BY'S NEW PLAY-FEL-Low.





Chan-ti-cleer flut-ters and flaps  
his wings ;  
One, two, three, then up he  
springs,  
Opens his mouth, and, oh !  
oh ! oh !  
“Yer—urr—urrrr !” just hear  
him crow.

### PET-TUMS' KISS.

<p>Fair Pet-tums was robed in her dain-ty night-gown, Just ready to go to her white lit-tle nest. We'd been hav-ing the jol-li- est frolic in town ; And now I will tell you the rest :</p>	<p>“Come! Pet-tums,” I said to that rogue of a miss, “’Tis time now, to kiss me good-night.” So she put up her lips as <i>I</i> thought for a kiss, But in-stead, she just gave me — <i>a bite!</i></p>
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Look at my ba-by  
Sound a-sleep !  
You nev-er would think  
How fast she can creep,  
Or how cun-ning and sly  
She will hide and peep !



## THE ROGUE OF THE HOUSE-HOLD.



H, I don't think it is fair to call me the rogue of the house-hold! I only do what big folks do. Mamma and papa look at books when they want to, and sister

Anna goes to the cake closet when she wants a piece of cake, and they all pick flowers any time. But if *I* get cake or jam, myself, or have the books on the centre table, or pick a po-sy — why then *I* am *such* a rogue! I don't understand it!

## DREAD-ING WIN-TER.

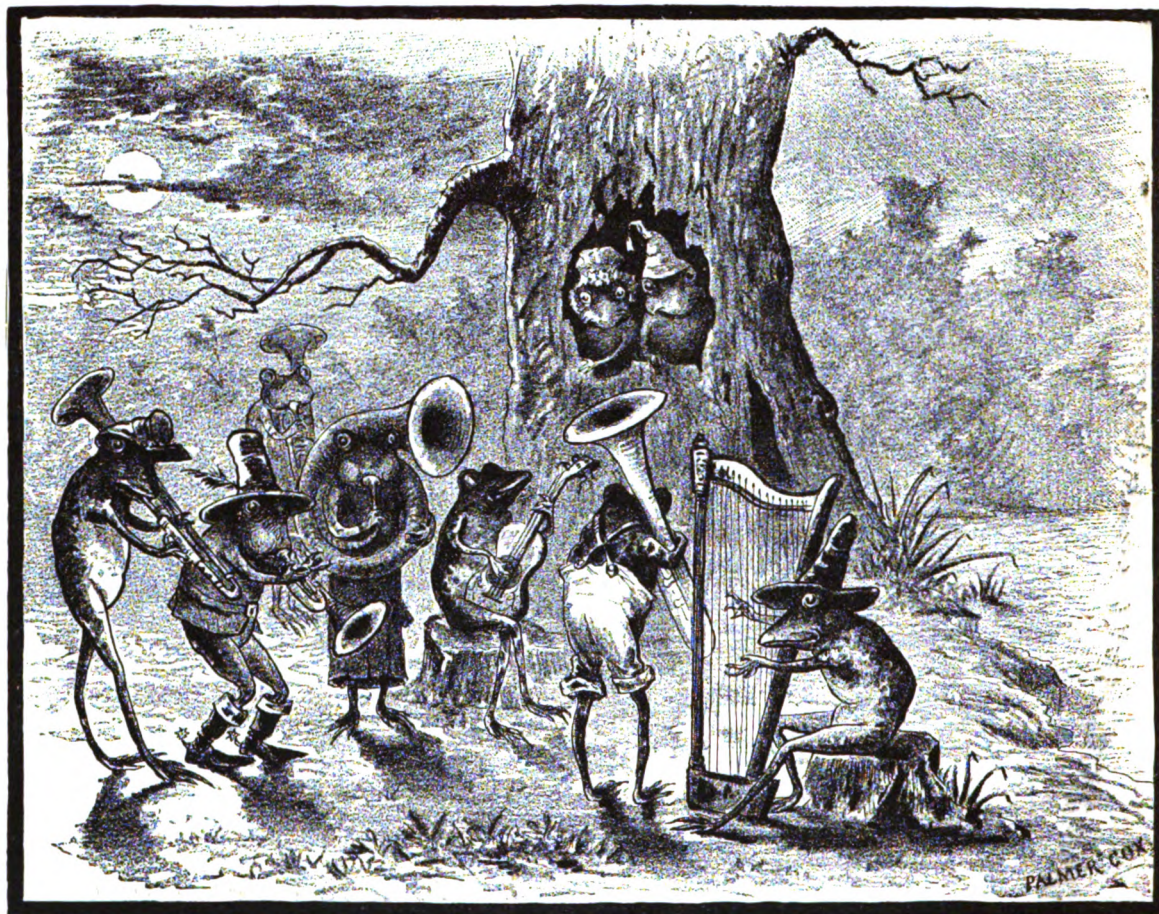


We're two lit-tle birds  
As sor-ry as can be  
That win-ter is com-ing,  
For don't you see

In the great snow-storms  
There'll be naught to eat  
In field, or gard-en,  
In yard, or street?

If we were chil-dren  
And you were birds,  
We'd set-tle this mat-ter  
With no more words.

If *we* had the loaves,  
*You* should have crumbs —  
Remember this, dears,  
When the wild snow comes!



THE SER-E-NADE.

## PEEPS IN-TO A HOL-LOW TREE.—PEEP I.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Frog had that ver-y day moved in-to their new home.

The home had been put in-to or-der, the tea-dish-es washed, and Mrs. Frog sat fan-ning her-self with a cool green lil-y-pad. All at once the

sweet-est band of mu-sic in the world was heard all a-round the house.

They ran to the door, and be-hold ! there were the young folks of the neigh-bor-hood come to give them a friend-ly ser-e-nade of wel-come.





MAM-MA BEAR TELL-ING STO-RIES.

## PEEPS IN-TO A HOL-LOW TREE.—PEEP II.

Mam-ma Bear had chos-en a ver-y nice hol-low tree for her home. It had a bay-win-dow and a front-yard, and in-side it was very roomy.

Her lit-tle boy and girl were glad when win-ter came. Then

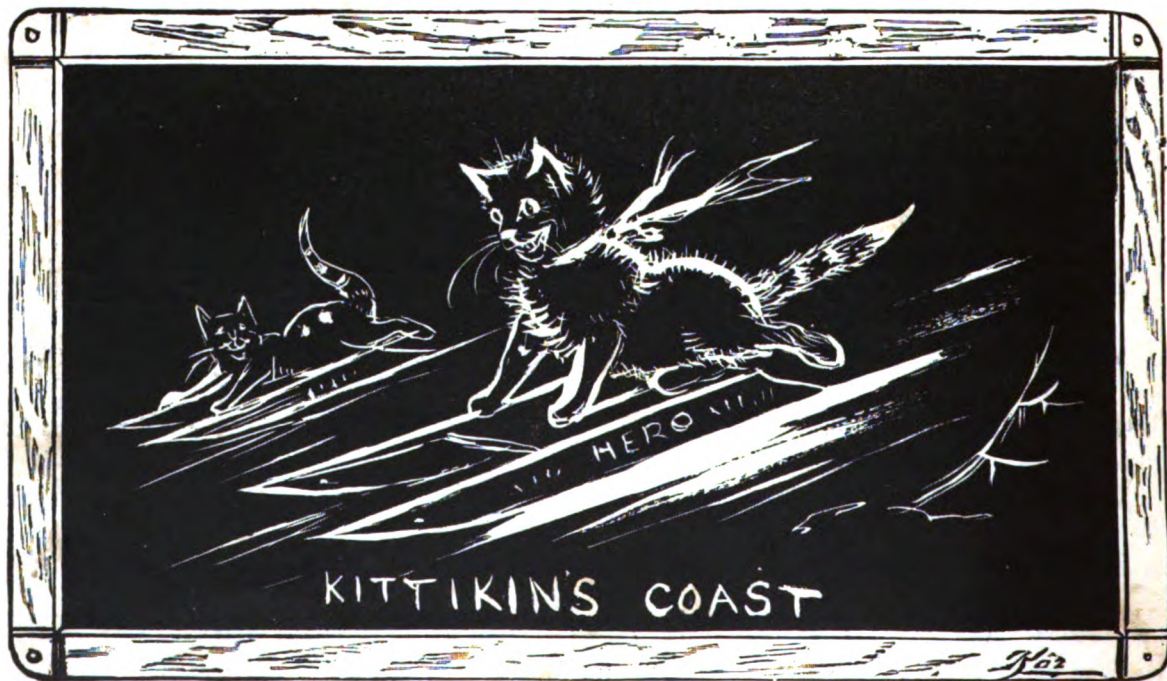
Mam-ma Bear staid at home all the time and told them sto-ries when-ev-er they woke up.

They were very sor-ry for lit-tle boys and girls who live in hous-es, and have no long win-ter naps.





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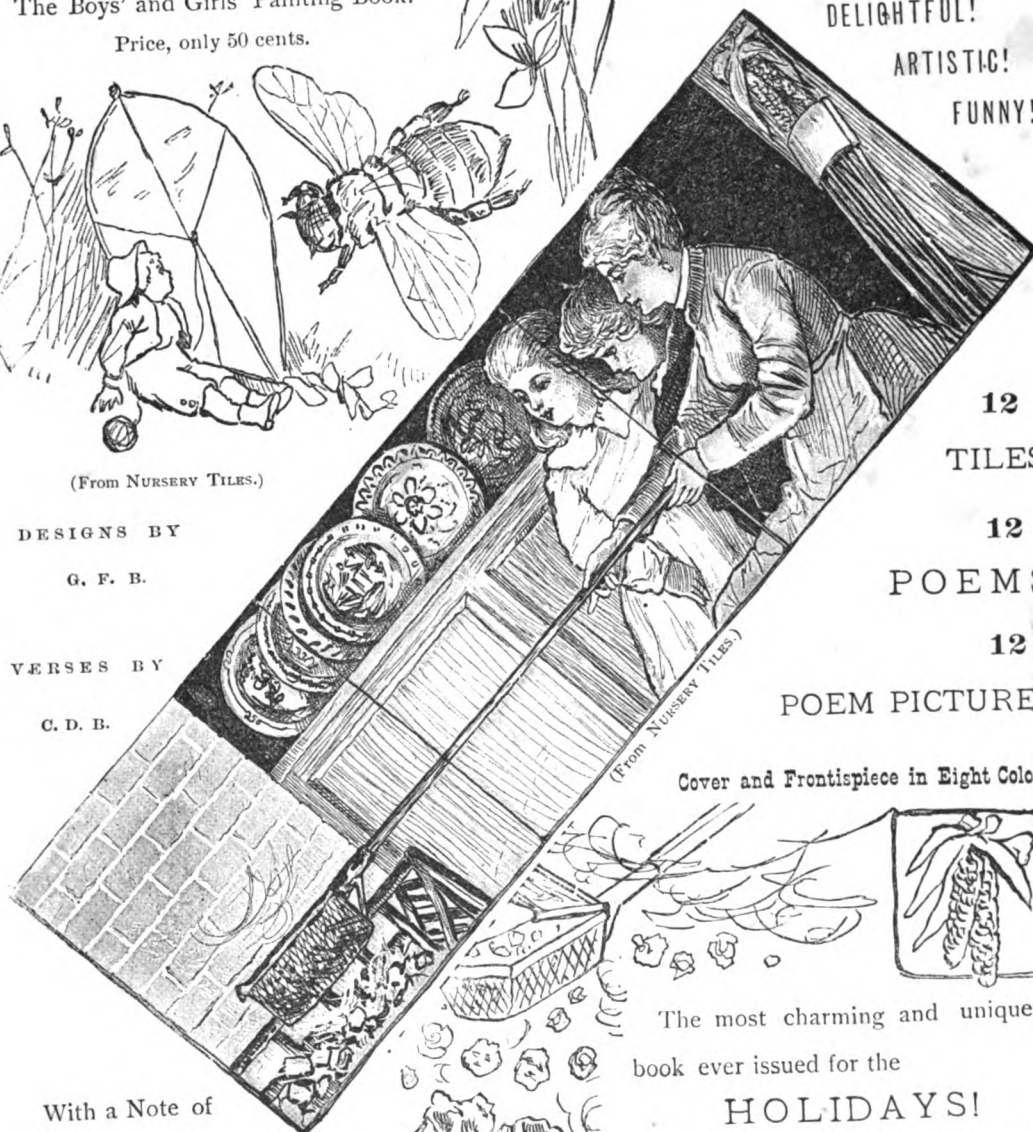
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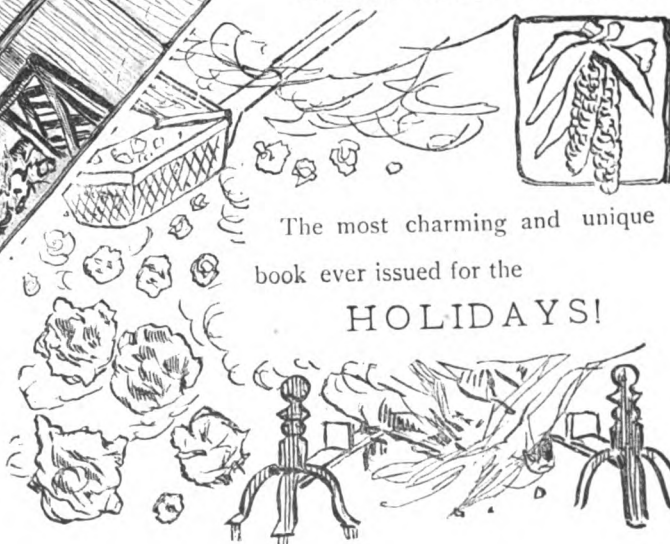
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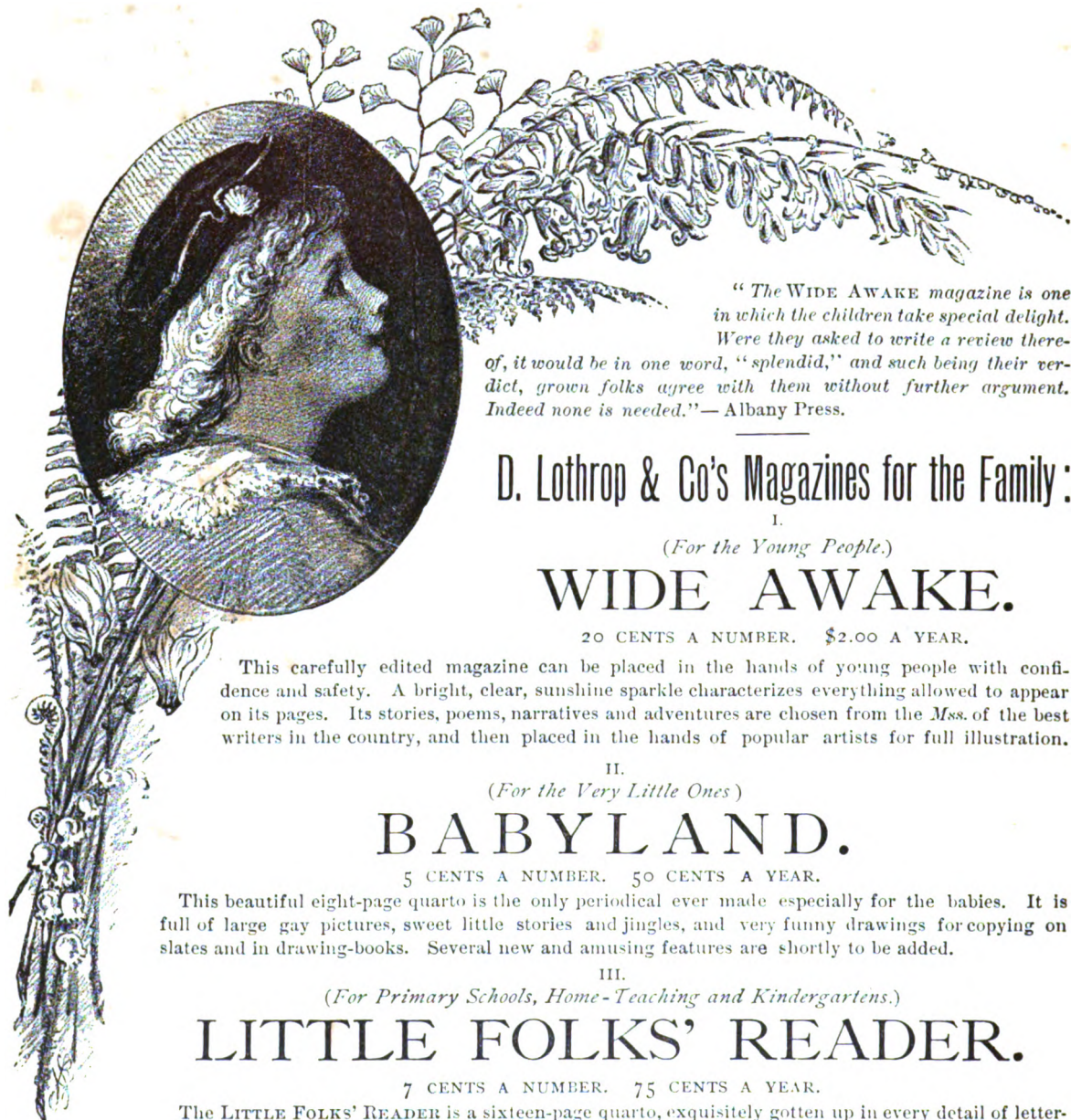
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